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POETICAL

PROLUSIONS.

POETICAL

PROLUSIONS.

BY

JOHN GLANVILLE.

SCRIBIMUS INDOCTI DOCTIQUE POEMATA PASSIM.

HOR. EPIST. I. B. 2.

I ONLY TRANSIENT VISITS PAY,
MEETING THE MUSES IN MY WAY;
SCARCE KNOWN TO THE FASTIDIOUS DAMES,
OR SKILL'D TO CALL THEM BY THEIR NAMES.

GREEEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY MILLAR RITCHIE, MIDDLE STREET, CLOTH FAIR.

FOR THE AUTHOR,

NO. 75, ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY.

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PREFACE.

IN this our day, a Volume of Poems is, perhaps, a Work of ſupererogation.

" Nil intentatum noſtri liquere poetæ, "

ſaid honeſt old Horace, nearly two thouſand years ago. This ſeems of itſelf to demand ſome palliative Preface to every ſubſequent attempt; but it is a truth, which I believe holds univerſally, that, the more requiſite the Apology, the more difficult it is to frame it. What, then, can be ſaid, when, as in the preſent caſe, the Occaſion which induces was ſo obviouſly avoidable——the beſt reſource is

a SILENCE.

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SILENCE. Yet, with reſpect to the following Proluſions, the Author finds it *neceſſary* to ſay, that, among them, there are ſome which have already appeared in the ephemeral Publications of the moment in which they were written, and are, as by internal evidence is, perhaps, ſufficiently demonſtrated, the productions of the earlier hours of life: his late years, however, has not left them unreviſed, nor, as he hopes, unamended. A few there are, to which he has little other merit than that of preſenting them to the word, which a Friend, to whom he is proud to be indebted, has kindly favoured him with. That he has not in any particular manner diſtinguiſhed them from his own, is from the conviction —that their ſuperior Elegance, and the Diſcernment of the Reader, will render any ſuch diſcrimination ſuperfluous.

Thus

Thus much being premiſed, the Author takes his leave. It were a licentious abuſe of the Reader's patience to extend it even to the Preface: it would be, beſides, impolitic to diminiſh at all the ſtock of a virtue on which he is about to make ſo ample a demand, and on the abundance of which he has ſo much to depend.

TO THE

HONOURABLE,

LORD

DE DUNSTANVILLE,

&c. &c.

MY LORD,

THE common-place language of dedicatory addreſſes, is uſually ſo revolting to the delicacy of a noble and elevated mind,—and the difficulty of celebrating a character diſtinguiſhed by the beſt endowments of the head and heart, without riſque of wounding that delicacy by the warmth of commendation, is ſo great,---that I feel myſelf compelled to relinquiſh a dedication to you of a work, to whoſe author your countenance has done ſo much honor. This diſappointment affects me the

leſs,

leſs, when I recollect how ſuperfluous it were to extol that worth, of which all who know you, are alike forward to value, and to praiſe.

Fortunately, Fame and Renown are not objects of primary purſuit to a mind like your's; for, were they, I ſhould be humbled not a little, by the conſciouſneſs, that nothing could be contributed to either by any eulogium which might fall from the pen of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Reſpectful,

And greatly obliged,

Humble Servant,

JOHN GLANVILLE.

ST. JAMES'S STREET,

POETICAL

PROLUSIONS.

INVOCATION

TO

FANCY.

WHAT time ſuſpended floats on high
Night's waving lamp, whoſe tranquil blaze
Adds luſtre to thy ſparkling eye,
As o'er the mountain's gradual ſwell,
It throws, with ſtill delight, its glitt'ring rays—
My youth, O, FANCY! lov'd to trace
Thy changeful form from place to place;—

With rapture has my eye ſurvey'd,
When influenc'd by thy magic ſpell,
With lightning-glance, thy varying ſhade;
Has ſeen thee when the *ſapient flame*,
Faint glimm'ring from the hermit's cell,
Shed o'er the *wizard waſte* its peaceful gleam;
Has ſeen thee then, deep-muſing, roam
To watch the fountain's fretful foam
With ſparkling rage repel the darkly-winding ſtream.

Teach me each mournful ſcene to ſhare,
As rapt I claſp thy trembling hand;
Ah! then, thy willing vot'ry lead
Thro' the ſad, ſolitary tracks of mind;
Where all is darkneſs—all with dread replete—
Steal with me to yon rude retreat;
Where Anguiſh, lonely roving 'mid the dead,
Deep mourns—but mourns in vain——Hope's fairy viſion fled!

Near

Near where the jet-wing'd ravens dwell,
Of elves—and ſprites—and viſions tell;
At eve, as round the lofty tow'r
The dull bat ſwiftly flits;
And, 'mid the havock of the howling ſtorm,
Gigantic Ruin ſits,
Hailing the ruthleſs ſhocks which Nature's face deform.

When mirthful Morn begins to riſe,
Pouring along the glowing ſkies
A flood of vap'ry flame;
And ſmiling Loves, on Zephyrs borne,
Throng round her ſapphire throne,
And Venus, laughter-loving dame,
And the Graces, in the wave
Delight in wanton mood their lucid limbs to lave.

Or when grey Twilight ſoftly ſteals
Down the rough mountain's ſhadowy ſteep,
Spreading, with viewleſs hand, her ſober veil
O'er the blue violet's expanding bloom;—

Ah! then conduct my wand'ring feet
Where flow'rets gay their moiſten'd ſweets exhale;
Where the rock-roſe and woodbine meet,
To fling their fragrance on the ſportive gale.

Behold, the Sun, with fervid ray,
O'er the wide ſtreamlet clear and cold,
Caſts a ſtrong gleam of fluid gold;
And, from yon cloud that gilds the day,
Burſts on my ear the warbling lay:
The lark on jocund wing ſalutes the morn,
The echoing cave the ſtrains prolong;
Notes ſprightly now, and now forlorn,
Breathe thro' the freſh'ning ſhade in variegated ſong.

In ſcenes like theſe, with footſteps wild,
Thou lov'ſt to tread the wild'ring maze:
Within thine airy car reclin'd,
Thy vivid pencil joys to trace
Secrete from mortal eye,—"The ſhadowy tribes of mind."

ADDRESS

TO THE SPIRIT OF CHATTERTON.

FULL OFT UNKNOWING, AND UNKNOWN,
HE WORE HIS ENDLESS NOONS ALONE,
AMID TH' AUTUMNAL WOOD;
OFT WAS HE WONT, IN HASTY FIT,
ABRUPT, THE SOCIAL BAND TO QUIT,
AND GAZE WITH EAGER GLANCE UPON THE TUMBLING FLOOD.
Warton

O THOU! that was't of purer fire,
Belov'd of Genius, to Deſpair conſign'd,
What chill'd the fervor of thy noble mind,
When wand'ring in life's early morn,
Penſive, deſtitute, forlorn,
Thy wayward hand firſt ſwept the golden lyre?

Struck by thy fingers, trembling, cold,
Sounds ſtrong, enthuſiaſtic, bold,
Burſt from the antique wire!
Alas! thoſe notes, ſo wildly ſweet,
Which cheer'd Misfortune's deep retreat,
Taught thee—diſtracting thought!—but earlier to expire!

Ah! where is now the mournful Muſe,
Whoſe glowing hand divinely ſpread
The wreath of ever-blooming hues
Around thine infant head,
And to thy ſong, ſublime, ſuch grandeur gave?
While pond'ring Fancy would delight
Before thy aching ſight to wave
Her quickly-varying tints of many-colour'd light.

Say, doth thy viewleſs form reſide
Near the lone mould'ring turret's ſide,
Or near the mountain's cheerleſs cell
The ſable heath, or ſhadowy dell,
Or doſt thou feed the ſwelling roſe
With genial dews at Evening's cloſe,
Or is it, ſay, thy warmth benign,
Which in ſome ſouls ſuperior ſhine,
Doſt thou, oh, gentle ſpirit, ſhed
On Miſery's devoted head
The lenient balm that heals the wounds of Woe—

Or doſt thou wipe the moiſten'd eye—
Suppreſs pale Sorrow's hopeleſs ſigh—
Succour th' expiring wretch, that fain in peace
would die?

Parent of Suicide!—oh, Phrenzy!—ſay,
What doth thine agonies allay,
Who clears thy bed of many a pointed thorn—
Who bathes with tears thy boſom bare—
Smooths thy black treſſes, flowing wild—
And hides from vulgar ſight thine Eye's fierce glare?

'Tis he who once hath known too well
To pluck the pale and fading flowers
From Earth's cold bed
By Sympathy's bland influence led:
His pitying ſpirit mildly ſoothes,
With tendereſt voice, thy raving hours;
Awakes the ſoft harp's ſolemn ſtrings,
And, to thy burning brain, ſome ſweet illuſion
brings;—

Wafts

Wafts each quaint, ſhapeleſs form along,
Tends thy diſorder'd couch with ceaſeleſs care,
Pours on thy Fancy's ear the warbling ſong,
And cheers thine ever-varying woe,
With numbers ſoftly ſweet, and muſically flow.—

Oh, gentle ſpirit! were it mine
To touch the ſhrilling chords with ſkill like thine,
Thy ſtrains again ſhould flow—again ſhould charm
the Nine.

TO POVERTY.

NYMPH of the threadbare garb, and haggard eye,
Whoſe cheeks, diſdaining to diſcloſe
Ought of the lilly or the roſe,
Exulting vaunts the crocus' yellow dye.
All Hail! for thou full many a day
Haſt been the lone companion of my way;
And therefore will I pay to thee
This tributary lay:——

Near the wide waſte, o'er which the whirlwinds roar
Reſiſtleſs, haply is thy home;
Yet cannot thy chill melancholy dome
Exclude the tempeſt's blaſt, or lightning's pow'r,
Or, near the time-worn turret's height
To ſhrowd thee doſt thou there delight;
Where, on thy ſtraw-bed, ſwoln with woes,
Thy burning boſom vainly ſeeks repoſe.

I ſee

I ſee thee, now, in every horror clad,
Stalking before my aching ſight;
Thine eyes averted from the light—
Folded thy arms—thy pace deſponding, ſad!
While the bleak blaſts that to the air
Scatter thy garment—long worn bare,
Diſcloſe a form ſo ghaſtly—thin;
And bones that ſeem juſt ſtarting from the ſkin!

And onward as thou urgeſt thy career,
Affrighted mortal's fearful fly;
Dreading the baneful influence of thine eye;
Or, tremblingly, behold thy preſence near:
E'en he, whom hoards of wealth ſurround,
Shrinks at thy voice's ſorrowing ſound;
Flies to his gold—and counts it o'er,
Then locks it up—and ſhuts on thee his door.

At my obſcure and humble cell,
Too well, wan maid, thy form is known;
For I, long us'd to Fortune's frown,
Have learn't with thee and Miſery to dwell:

Thy

Thy deep diſtreſſes, well I know,
Have felt thy each attendant woe;
Nor is the pleaſure mine to prove
The ſoothing voice of parents' love!

Yet will I not of thee, ſtern nymph, complain,
That thus life's humble vale along,
" Scarce notic'd of the paſſing throng,"
I breathe an artleſs, unambitious ſtrain:
For thou haſt damp'd th' aſpiring flame
That once impell'd me on to fame;
And taught my ſoul to hope for peace,
When life and all its ills ſhall ceaſe.

AN ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF WARTON.

YE hallow'd Nine! whoſe ſolemn ſhell
Woos hapleſs Sorrow from her drear retreat,
Oh, gently wake the warbling ſwell,
Pour forth thoſe tones divinely ſweet,
Such as the fainted ſoul enchain;
Departed worth demands thy ſtrain;
Demands the tear of artleſs woe,
Bids the ſoft ſtream of pity flow,
The mournful heart to throb, the pallid cheek to glow.

In vain, when Twilight weeps the cloſing flow'r,
To liſten, WARTON, to thy manly ſong;
Shall FANCY call around each magic pow'r,
Or trace thy wand'ring ſtep the mead along:
In vain ſhall ſeek thee near the mountain's ſide,
The Dryad's haunt, the foreſt wide—
Her penſive progreſs meets the vap'ry ſhow'r.

Thy

Thy ſolemn knell ſtrikes on her muſing ear,
Ah! fatal prelude to the mournful tale;
She in her boſom hides the falling tear,
Shrinks back at ev'ry ſtep, and ſtarts at ev'ry gale.

Where is thy fav'rite child, O, Genius! ſpeak,
Say, where is now thy boaſted pride?
Alas! the white roſe taints his faded cheek:
Cold is that hand which ſtruck thy dulcet lyre!
He's gone!—who, gifted with thy brighteſt beam,
Spread thy ſweet influence far and wide;
Fled from yon ſculptur'd tomb, his ſoul of fire
O'er Heav'n's pure azure throws its radiant gleam:
That voice which ſtole in mournful woe,
Along the checquer'd vale below,
Now ſwells with holy ſtrains th' angelic choir!

When cavern'd Silence, rous'd from her dull dream,
Counts the ſlow bell which tolls the paſſing hour,
And o'er the ivy-mantled tow'r
The wan Moon throws her ſofteſt beam;

Then

Then, Muſic!—love-lorn, melancholy maid—
Sweep o'er the trembling harp thy hand divine,
Oh! ſtrike the plaintive chords, for it is thine
To ſoothe thy votary's ling'ring ſhade:
For well he knew to feel on earth
That vivid ſpark of heav'nly birth,
Which marks th' exalted ſoul in all its radiant worth.

FAREWELL TO REFLECTION.

AN ODE.

OH! why, REFLECTION, prompt the burning tear,
The pang convulſive, and the hopeleſs ſigh,
Thoſe fatal preludes to deſpair;
Why on my fancy paint ſad ſcenes of future care?
When near the ſlow Farewell of parting light,
I ſee thee gliding thro' the ſhadowy gloom,
Thy languid form diſtracts my aching ſight,
And leads my mind to *friendſhip* and the *tomb:*
It brings thoſe trains of thought which ſweetly ſteal
O'er hearts by Nature keenly taught to feel.

Leave, then, oh, leave the penſive bow'r,
The ſteep-brow'd hill, the high-arch'd tow'r;
And at mild Evening's gradual cloſe,
When the cold Moon's refracted light
Laces the ſable ſkirts of Night,
Retire, *alone,* to weep thy woes:

Mourn the loſt hours which fled ſo faſt,
Obſcur'd by faults and follies paſt;
Tell to the paſſing wind thy hapleſs tale,
To *me* thy whiſpers cannot *now* avail.
Sooth, penſive Echo, with thy ſorrowing ſhell;
Go—henceforth weep alone——farewell, farewell!

ODE TO PITY.

HAIL! lovely Nymph, whoſe penſive mien
Within each ſad receſs is ſeen,
Weeping the love-lorn tale;
Whoſe winning accents oft I hear,
So ſoftly wild, ſo ſweetly clear,
Breathe through the lonely vale.

Not all the beauties that adorn
The rich reſplendence of the Morn,
To me, are half ſo ſweet
As are thoſe mild and tender beams,
Which from thine up-rais'd eye-lid ſtreams,
In Sorrow's cold retreat!

When Miſery's wan and faded form
Abides the fury of the ſtorm,
Depriv'd of ev'ry friend;
Then doſt thou gently raiſe her head,
And to ſome low, protective ſhed,
Her trembling footſteps bend.

With all the eloquence of youth,
To thee her tale of ſlighted truth
The artleſs virgin tells:
While on her boſom, white as ſnow,
And on her cheek all pale with woe,
Thine eye alternate dwells.

To me the pearl is not ſo dear
As is that gentle, gen'rous tear,
Juſt gliſt'ning in thine eye;
Nor yet ſo ſweet, from yonder dell,
The ſylvan harp's celeſtial ſwell,
As is thy mournful ſigh.

Give me, when penſive and alone,
To hear thy lorn lute's mellow tone,
At eve, the woods among;
For thou each painful thought can'ſt cheer,
Sad warbling on the Night's dull ear,
Thy ſlow, expreſſive ſong.

Angelic form! enthron'd in Heav'n,
Oh! be thy pow'rs to me but giv'n,
Let me thy influence own;
My earlieſt vows thou ſhalt receive,
Altho', perhaps, thou wilt not heave
One ſigh when I am gone!

WRITTEN
ON THE
BANKS OF THE THAMES.

NOW Ev'ning's duſky ſhadows ſlowly ſhrow'd
Th' extended landſcape, and horiſon's verge;
The Moon's bright fires are quench'd within a cloud,
Their luſtre feebly flinging on the ſurge.

The curling billows thronging to the ſhore,
The hollow murmur of the ſounding main;
The frequent daſhing of the diſtant oar,
Sooth, for a while, the keeneſt ſenſe of pain.

Lo! from her orient bed yon dewy Star
Ruſhes to chear the gloomy vault of night,
And, as ſhe rolls her pearly axled car,
Scatters around her ſmiles of mantling light.

Here, with *Maria*, have I paus'd, to view,
Sweet orb, thy courſe aſcending o'er yon wood,
Marking thy paly luſtre, as it flew,
Strew liquid pearls upon the ſilver flood.

With

With rapture on the ſcene my heart beats high,
Its local magic chaſes wan Deſpair;
But, as I turn, alas! to ſhare my joy,
Maria's abſence ſtarts the ſeeret tear!

Yet ſtill is left one thought of pure delight;
Yon half-ris'n orb will ſoon *more* brilliant be;
And, flaming in the forehead of the Night,
Catch her dear Eyes, and then ſhe'll think of me!

TO NIGHT.

OH, NIGHT! mild ſource of ſweeteſt ſong,
Whilſt round thee airy minſtrels throng,
I'll blend with their's my ſofteſt note,
With their's I'll bid my veſpers float;
For whilſt I tune my lyre to thee,
Maria then will think on me.

Let others vaunt the Morning's beams,
Whoſe liquid couch bright purple ſtreams;
Or hail the gaudy Lord of Day,
Whilſt vapr'y clouds improve his ray:
No charms but in the Night I ſee,
For then I know ſhe thinks of me.

Come, then, chaſte Night, in glory haſte,
Enlight'ning all thy ſombre waſte
With glowing fires:—let ev'ry ſtar,
That rolls his rich refulgent car
O'er thy blue vault, *more* brilliant be,
To charm her whilſt ſhe thinks on me.

And,

And, oh, unveil thy modeſt Moon,
With all the graces of her noon;
Enthrone her in her pearly chair,
Spread her light ermine thro' the air;
Her cloudleſs beam ſhe'll joy to ſee,
And then I know ſhe'll think on me.

Bid the clear Stream preſerve her form;
And on her glaſs no ruffling ſtorm,
Or captious hurricane that blows,
E'er break her beamy orb's repoſe;
For, fondly, there 'twill reſting be
Whilſt on its banks ſhe thinks on me.

Down every mountain's ſide be roll'd
The bright effulgence of thy gold;
On every ſtraw-crown'd cot be ſeen,
And richly edge each fairy green,
Whoſe circling troops, with ſportive glee,
Shall cheer her whilſt ſhe thinks of me.

Repreſs thy rude, impetuous floods,
But *wake* to ſong thy *ſlumb'ring* woods;
Oh! NIGHT, on every ſhadowy ſpray
Seek the chaſte bird that ſhuns the day;
His long-pent notes from ſilence free,
Leſs ſweet than her's who thinks of me.

Yet, ſweet *they* are—how ſweet the trills
Which Paſſion from her heart diſtills:
Fond Fairies round each hoary oak
The feeling ſtrains ſhall oft invoke;
And *Hamadryads* watch the tree,
Whoſe ſhade guards her who thinks on me.

Thus on thy altar, hallow'd Night,
Whilſt conſtellations ſhed firm light,
And ſtars, erratic, dart their beams,
And from the North, Day's mirror ſtreams;
My humble verſe thou ſtill ſhalt ſee
Inſpir'd by her who thinks on me.

For know, that tho' thy praiſe I've ſung,
And on thy ſcenes with rapture hung,
And, borne on proud poetic flight,
Seem'd ſoaring to thy wilds of Light;
Yet will I own, whilſt hymning thee,
I ſaw but her who thinks on me.

But, Goddeſs, do not blame my ſtrain,
Or deem my adoration vain;
For all thy orbs of cryſtal glow,
Thy fleecy fields, thy downs of ſnow,
Flaſh not ſuch ſplendor on thy fame,
Give not ſuch honor to thy name,
As now thou gain'ſt by *Love*'s decree,
Which wreath's thee thus with her who thinks on me.

TO THE SAME.

DREAD Goddeſs, whom I lately ſung,
For whom a choſen lyre I ſtrung,
For whom my tendereſt numbers flow'd,
For whom the cherub FANCY glow'd;
Call'd forth thy attributes to view,
And ſeiz'd each beauty as it flew;
The lyre has ceas'd, the ſong is o'er,
Maria thinks on me no more.

How dares yon flaming Torch on high
Hold its proud courſe along the ſky;
That gaudy Moon, abſorb her light,
Repreſs her radiance, pitying Night;
She vainly deems her pearly horn
Will emulate the beamy Morn:
Thy raven darkneſs round her pour,
Maria thinks on me no more.

Obſcure the ſolitary wave,
In which the Stars their treſſes lave;
When to the Earth they ſend their ſtreams,
Ruſhing in a flood of beams;
O'er plain and alp they ſwiftly roll,
And glitter at the diſtant pole:
Goddeſs, thy deepeſt ſhades reſtore,
Maria thinks on me no more.

And why ſhould yonder fragrant Grove,
Where freſh'ning Zephyrs playful rove,
Where in the ſhadows, born of Day,
The Bullfinch carols forth his lay,
Still boaſt its breeze, ſtill chaunt its ſong?
Let not the trembling leaves among,
The Nightingale's ſoft warblings pour,
Maria thinks on me no more.

Oh, NIGHT! aſſert thy magic power,
Swift iſſue from thy ſolemn tower,
Snatch from the North thy deadlieſt blaſt,
Let thy black pall o'er earth be caſt;

Let

Let every flow'r its fragrance loſe,
And *Ceres* drink thy blighting dews;
The gloomieſt ruin I'll adore,
Since now ſhe thinks on me no more.

Thy vivid colours, bid them go
To deck the dome unknown to woe;
Are not *Deſpair* and *Horror* thine,
The Madman's howl, the Murd'rer's ſhrine,
The Fens groſs flame, the Owl's lorn ſhriek,
Thin Sprites that glide, but never ſpeak?
Sweep Light, then, from thy ſtarry floor,
For, oh! ſhe thinks on me no more.

And dar'd I bid thee wake each ſcene,
And ſhake thy bright Hair o'er the green;
And did I vaunt thy duſky robe,
Folded around our pendant Globe,
With brilliant Stars embroider'd round,
Trembling athwart the blue profound?
I did—I did—and as I ſung,
Thy lofty Emperean rung.

Thou

Thou heard'ſt me, NIGHT! thy vault I fill'd,
Thy praiſe thro' all th' horizon trill'd,
The mountain Echoes caught the notes,
And bore them in their airy throats;
Pleas'd FANCY liſt'ned to the lyre,
And touch'd its ſtrings, and fed its fire;
Unveil'd thee to my wond'ring eye,
And bade me chaſe thee thro' the ſky;
But now the ſong, the praiſe is o'er,
I ſtruck the lyre for her who thinks on me no more.

Should it be thought that the Writer has failed in his attempt to verſify the two little pieces which follow, he hopes the opportunity it gives him of introducing the elegant fragments, which induced it, will be an apology for the failure.

RYNO AND ALPIN.

A HIGHLAND FRAGMENT.

THE winds and rain are over, and calm is the noon-day;—the clouds are divided in Heaven;—over the green hill flies the inconſtant ſun;—red through the ſtony vale comes down the ſtream of the hill—ſweet are thy murmurs, oh, Stream!—but more ſweet is the voice I hear;—'tis the voice of ALPIN! ſon of ſong—mourning the dead!—Bent is his head of age—and red his tearful eye.—ALPIN—thou ſon of ſong!—why alone on the ſilent hill;—why complaineſt thou, as a blaſt in the wood—as a wave on the lonely ſhore?—

My tears, oh! RYNO, are for the dead!—my voice for the inhabitants of the grave!—Tall thou art on the hill—fair amongſt the ſons of the plain;—but thou

thou ſhalt fall like *Morar!*—and the mourner ſhall ſit on thy tomb!—thy bow ſhall lie in the hall unſtrung.

Thou wert ſwift, oh, *Morar!* as the roe on the hill;—terrible as a meteor of fire!—thy wrath was a ſtorm of December!—thy ſword in battle, as lightning in the field!—thy voice was like a ſtream after rain!—like thunder on diſtant hills!—Many fell by thy arm—they were conſumed by thee in the flames of thy wrath!—but when thou returneſt from war, how peaceful was thy brow;—thy face was like the ſun after rain,—like the moon in the ſilence of night,—calm as the breaſt of the lake, when the loud wind is laid!—Narrow is thy dwelling now—dark the place of thy abode;—with ſix ſteps I compaſs thy grave:—Oh, thou! who waſt ſo great before—four ſtones, with thin heads of moſs, are the only memorial of thee!—a tree with ſcarce a leaf!—long graſs, which whiſtles in the wind!—Mark, too, the hunters eye thy grave!—*Morar*, thou art low, indeed!—thou haſt no mother to

mourn thee !—no maid with her tears of love !—dead is ſhe that brought thee forth !—fallen is the daughter of *Morglan !*——Who, on his ſtaff, is this—whoſe head is white with age ?—whoſe eyes are red with tears—who quakes at every ſtep ?—It is thy father, oh, *Morar !*—the father of none but thee !—He heard of thy fame in battle !—he heard of foes diſperſed !—he heard of *Morar's* fame !—why did he not hear of his wound ?—Weep, thou father of *Morar !*—weep—but thy ſon heareſt thee not ;—Deep is the ſleep of the dead !—low their pillow of duſt !—no more ſhall he hear thy voice,—no more ſhall he awake, as at thy call !—When ſhall it be morn in the grave—to bid the ſlumberer awake ?

Farewell, thou braveſt of men !—thou conqueror in the field !—but the field ſhall ſee thee no more, nor the dark wood be lighted with the ſplendor of thy ſteel !—thou haſt left no ſon ;—but the ſong ſhall preſerve thy name !—future times ſhall hear of thee,—they ſhall hear of the fallen *Morar !*

The

The ſame in Verſe.

THE winds are huſh'd, the driving tempeſt's o'er,
And the ſun's mid-day beams obſcur'd no more;
The clouds diſperſing in the troubled ſky,
O'er the deep vale in quick ſucceſſion fly;
Red from the mountain roll with headlong force,
Deſcending ſtreams, a torrent in their courſe:
Sweet meets the daſhing cataract mine ear,
But ſweeter far the tuneful voice I hear:
Ah! 'tis the voice of *Alpin*, ſon of ſong,
Mourning the dead—to him the dead belong;
Oppreſs'd with grief, and bending as with years,
His ſtreaming eyes enflam'd by Sorrow's tears!
Why, maſter of the ſong, thus waſte thy ſkill,
Alone—unheeded—on the deſert hill?
Why flows thy ſtrain as waves that laſh the ſhore,
Or as the paſſing wind that's heard no more?

Ryno, the ſong which ſorrowing caught thine ears,
Are *Morar's* due, for him I ſhed thoſe tears:—

Thou, tho' now youthful honours grace thy head,
Muſt ſoon be number'd with the ſilent dead;
Tho' Health has ſtrew'd thy cheek with roſes fair,
And lent thee ſtrength to chaſe the bounding deer;
Tho' Friendſhip now its cheering rays impart,
And Love, exulting, dances at thy heart;
Tho' ev'ry blooming fair thy paſſion meets,
And proudly ſtrews thy path with laviſh ſweets;
From *Morar's* doom, alas! no pow'rs can ſave,
Soon ſhall theſe pleaſures yield thee to the grave;
No more theſe woods ſhall echo with thy joy,
Neglected and unſtrung thy bow ſhall lie!
Morar was ſwifter than the roe's light heel,
And direful, as a meteor, flam'd his ſteel;
His rage was like the wintry tempeſt wild,
His ſword, like lightning, gleam'd along the field;
His voice was louder than the torrent's roar,
Or the hoarſe wave that beats the ſullen ſhore;
Heroes on heroes fell beneath his arm,
As miſts are ſcatter'd by the riving ſtorm:
But once the battle o'er, and peace appear,
How would his ſmile the dark horizon clear;

Calm

Calm as the ſilver Empreſs of the Sky,
Or Summer ſeas, when huſh'd the tempeſts lie!
But, ah! how diff'rent his abode we trace,
With ſix ſhort ſteps I compaſs now the place:—
Great as he was, four ſtones with moſs o'ergrown
His ſole memorial give; the reſt's unknown.
One ſolitary oak, whoſe leaves are ſhed,
The long dank weeds which whiſtle round his head,
Thoſe, and thoſe only, to the hunter's eye
Point the drear tomb where *Morar's* aſhes lie!
How low is *Morar* fallen!—on his bier
No mother ſheds the tributary tear;
No maid, to whom his vows of love he gave,
Pours her ſoft ſorrows on his ſilent grave:
Theſe limbs are cold his infant years that bore,
And his lov'd fair, *Morana*, is no more!

But who, low bending o'er his ſtaff, diſtreſs'd,
At once with ſorrow and with age oppreſs'd,
Comes with weak ſtep, and eyes ſurcharg'd with tears,
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temple wears?

'Tis *Morar's* father, his worn form I ſee,
Morar, the ſire of none, alas! but thee!
He learn'd thy mighty proweſs in the field,
Of martial hoſts that fell beneath thy ſhield:
Oh! why was it reſerv'd for me to tell
Of the deep wound by which, alas! he fell!
O, ſire of *Morar*, ever ſhalt thou mourn;
Thy lov'd, loſt *Morar* never ſhall return!
Deep are his ſlumbers 'midſt the mighty dead,
Low in the duſt the warrior's pillow's laid;
No more with filial joy thy voice he hears,
E'en battle's call unheeded meets his ears;
His voice no more alarms the hoſtile field,
Nor the dark foreſt lightens with his ſhield.—
When, on the mould'ring urn, ſhall Morning break,
That Morn which bids the ſlumb'ring dead awake?

Farewell, thou firſt of men, thy name, ſublime,
Shall live recorded on the rolls of Time;
Tho' to no ſon deſcends thy honor'd name,
The verſe, the ſong, ſhall conſecrate thy fame:
The ſplendid record future times ſhall bear,
And future warriors grace it with a tear!

A HIGH-

A HIGHLAND FRAGMENT.

AUTUMN is dark on the mountains;—grey miſts reſt on the hills.

On the heath, dark rolls the river through the narrow plain.

A tree ſtands alone on the hill, and marks the grave of *Connal.*

The leaves whirl round with the wind, and ſtrew the grave of the dead.

At times, are ſeen here the ghoſts of the dead, when the muſing hunter ſtalks ſlowly over the heath.

Who can reach the ſource of thy race, O, *Connal!* and who recount thy fathers?—Thy family grew like an oak on the mountain, which meeteth the wind with its lofty head.——Who ſhall ſupply thy place, O, *Connal?*

Here was the din of arms, and here was the groans of the dying!—Mournful are the wars of Fingal!—O, *Connal*, it was thou didſt fall!——Thine arm was like a ſtorm—thy ſword a beam of the ſky—thy height a rock on the plain—thine eyes a furnace of fire;—louder than a ſtorm was thy voice. When thou confoundedſt the field, warriors fell by thy ſword, as the thiſtle by the ſtaff of the boy!

Dargo, the mighty, came on like a cloud of thunder;—his brows were contracted, and dark—his eyes like two caves in a rock:—bright roſe their ſwords on each ſide;—dire was the clang of their ſteel.

The daughter of *Rinval* was near—bright in the armour of man; her hair looſe behind, her bow in her hand. She followed the youth to the war—*Connal*, her much beloved;—ſhe drew the ſtring at *Dargo*,—but, erring, pierced her *Connal!*——He falls, like an oak on the plain—like a rock from the

the ſhaggy hill!—What ſhall ſhe do?—hapleſs maid!—He bleeds!—her *Connal* dies!—All the night long ſhe cries—and all the day——O, *Connal!*—my love!—and my friend!——With grief the ſad mourner died!

Earth here encloſeth the loveliеſt pair on the hill:—the graſs grows beneath the ſtones of their tombs.——I ſit in the mournful ſhade;—the wind ſighs through the graſs;—and their memory ruſhes on my mind.——Undiſturbed ye now ſleep together;—on the tomb of the mountain you reſt alone!

The ſame in Verſe.

NOW Autumn in auſtere and ſurly mood
Roll's her dark miſts along the deep'ning wood;
O'er the dun heath the vengeful tempeſt roars,
And the ſwoln rivers laſh the ſounding ſhores.
Lonely and ſighing to ſurrounding gloom,
A time-worn oak marks *Connal's* defart tomb;
Bleak winds had ſhook the honours from his head,
And ſtrew'd the manſion of the ſilent dead:
Here, as the hunter traverſes the green,
(So Fancy paints) his pallid ghoſt is ſeen.—

Oh, valiant *Connal!* who, lynx-ey'd, can pierce
Back thro' the veil of Time the heroes fierce
That mark'd thy line?—oh, who ſhall trace,
From warrior back to warrior, all thy race?
Strong as the mountain oak ſublime they roſe,
Scatt'ring diſmay and terror on their foes:—
Now art thou fallen, fallen 'midſt thy prime!—
Who now ſhall ſpread their fame from clime to clime?

Here

Here roſe the clang of arms—the dying there
Groan'd from the ſtroke of mighty *Fingal*'s ſpear:
Here mighty *Connal*'s blood bedew'd the ſtrand,
Whoſe vigorous arm no valour could withſtand.
His ſtrength reſiſtleſs as the ſtorm was found,
His ſword, like lightning, gave no ſecond wound;
Firm as the mountain oak his manly form,
His eye was lightning, and his voice the ſtorm:—
As falls the reed before the furious blaſt,
So by his ſpear the proudeſt ſunk to reſt.—

The haughty *Dargo*, gloomy as a cloud,
Sternly advanc'd, hurling defiance loud:
Sunk were his eyes, his brows contracted low'r,
His frown was darker than the midnight hour.
Dire was the ſhock of arms when ſhield met ſhield,
The armies pauſe while they diſpute the field:—
Rinval's fair daughter, *Cremora*, drew nigh,
Clad in bright arms, a ſtripling to the eye;
Looſe to the wind her graceful treſſes flow,
Her hand, unequal, ſtrung the warrior-bow.
The beauteous maid had follow'd to the fight,
Connal, her heart's ſole treaſure and delight;

'Gainſt

'Gainſt *Dargo*'s breaſt her erring ſtring ſhe drew,
The trait'rous ſhaft, alas! her *Connal* ſlew!—
He fell, ſo falls the oak, in evil hour,
Or rock, uprooted by the whirlwind's pow'r!—
Ah! hapleſs fair! what horrors round her riſe;
Breathleſs and cold, a corſe, her *Connal* lies!
Each day, ill-fated maid, thou'rt doom'd to weep,
Each night thy reſtleſs couch in tears to ſteep;
Madly to rave, and, with thy lateſt breath,
Call thy lov'd *Connal* from the ſhades of death.

Here reſts, inclos'd within this verdant ſod,
The trueſt pair thoſe hills have ever trod;
Beſide their ſilent tomb, where ſprings the blade,
Sorrowing I ſit beneath the mournful ſhade;
And, as the reed ſighs hollow to the wind,
Their much-lov'd mem'ry preſſes on my mind.
Together here they ſleep, to pain unknown;
Enſhrin'd within the tomb they reſt alone!

LINES

ON A

FAVOURITE WHITE CAT.

HAIL! *Dolce*, darling of the feline race,
Let each ſleek puſs thy charms ſuperior own;
The milder beauties of thy harmleſs face,
Thy ſilky paw, thy coat of ſofteſt down.

'Midſt the drear fog of rude November's night,
Straying, with devious ſtep, the ſtreets around,
(A ſtarvling kitten then) in ſaddeſt plight,
By luckieſt chance, dear *Dolce*, thou we'rt found.

Now chang'd thy ſtate!—*then*, hungry and forlorn,
Thy thread of life nigh broke, thou wand'r'dſt wild;
Pelted by cruelty, and kick'd by ſcorn,
With cold half frozen, and with dirt defil'd.

Thou takeſt *now*, with fondeſt care receiv'd,
In *Milliora*'s arms thine envy'd reſt;
Each longing gratified, each want reliev'd,
By all protected, and by all careſt.

'Tis

'Tis thus that, cruſh'd beneath Fate's rigid ſway,
Full many a Child of Poverty is ſeen;
Indignant Fortune, in life's earlieſt day,
Checks their fond hope, and darkens ev'ry ſcene.

Ah! unlike thee, they find no friend humane;
Neglected and unwept their woes they bear;
No ſympathetic ſtranger ſooths *their* pain,
Or whiſpers comfort to their ſad deſpair.

No foſt'ring hand their bitter wants ſupply,
They unregarded live, and unlamented die!

TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

A PRAYER.

MAID of the ſtreaming eye, and pallid cheek,
Haggard DISAPPOINTMENT, hear;
Thy gloomy altar will I ſeek,
To thee addreſs my prayer.

Where'er thou art, to thee I call,
Thou bearer of th' inverted ſhield;
Who rid'ſt upon the vengeful ball,
Triumphant o'er the blood-ſtain'd field.

Who lov'ſt, amid youth's flower-ſtrew'd way,
Surly, to take thy baneful ſtand;
Or, crouching, eager to deſtroy
Each hope his ardent fancy plann'd.

Whoſe giant form delighted bears
Its terrors o'er the weſtern wave;
To feed upon the falling tears
Which dove-ey'd MERCY try'd to ſave.

There,

There, ſmiling when the felon ſcourge
Inflicts the murd'ring wound;
And when the ſtripes a groan can urge,
Exulteſt in the ſound.

Oh! thou haſt mark'd each proſpect bright
Which open'd on their view;
And o'er the ſcene, malignant ſprite,
Thy with'ring mantle threw.

Wreath'd in the ſmiles of her I love,
Trembling I've watch'd thine eye;
To think thee diſtant often ſtrove,
Yet found thee always nigh.

Except, indeed, when anguiſh keen
Eſſay'd to wound my aching heart,
Then only 'twas thou waſt not ſeen;
Thou ſcorn'ſt to *eaſe* the dart.

Yet

Yet even there, perhaps, thou'rt found,
  Lurking in Hope's enchanting dreſs,
With ſmile inſidious, more to wound
  The victim of diſtreſs.

Oh! now my proſpect brightens fair,
  Far, DISAPPOINTMENT, fly;
Grant this my firſt and only pray'r,
  Blaſt not my coming joy.

Then at thy baneful, horrid ſhrine,
  With rev'rence lowly bending down,
My future pleaſure I'll reſign,
  And live beneath thy frown.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY SHENSTONE.

YE ſhepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of your ſheep;
They have nothing to do but to ſtray,
I have nothing to do but to weep:
Yet do not my folly reprove,
She was fair—and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs—and I am undone!

Perhaps I was void of all thought,
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee
That a Nymph ſo complete would be ſought
By a Swain more engaging than me.
Ah! Love, ev'ry hope can inſpire,
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the Nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

PARODY.

YE ſcullions give ear to my lay,
And take no more care about ſleep;
You have nothing to do but to play,
I have nothing to do but to weep:
Yet do not my folly reprove,
It was plump—and my paſſion begun;
Full of plumbs—and I could not but love;
Is demoliſh'd—and I am undone!

Perhaps I was void of all thought,
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee
That a pudding ſo rich would be ſought
By a glutton more hungry than me.
Ah! hunger each hope can inſpire,
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the rim of the diſh we admire,
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone,
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how ye loiter, in vain,
Amid Nymphs of a higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe!
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flow'r, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure, in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
Henceforth ſhall be Corydon's theme.

'Tis demoliſh'd, and I am undone:
Ye that witneſs the pangs I endure,
Let Prudence inſtruct you to ſhun
The pudding you cannot procure.
Beware how ye loiter, in vain,
Among ſcullions of higher degree;
It is not for me to explain
How fat, and how ſaucy they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes,
When I have not got out of it yet
The ſcent that ſaluted my noſe!
Yet time may diminiſh the pain,
The chop, cutlet, and white fricaſſee,
Which for them I have garniſh'd, in vain,
May in time have temptations for me

The charms of a red-pimpled noſe,
The flavour of porridge-pot ſteam,
The gravy which round the diſh flows,
Henceforth ſhall be *Cormorants* theme.

High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
As I with my Phillis had known.

Oh! ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace,
I would vaniſh from every eye:
Yet my reed ſhall reſound thro' the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it begun,
How ſhe ſmil'd—and I could not but love;
Was faithleſs—and I am undone!

Rich dainties are ſhewn to the ſight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
As I with my pudding had known.

Oh! ye cooks, ope your cupboards apace,
To their duſtieſt corners I fly;
I would hide when I hear you ſay grace,
I would vaniſh from every eye:
Yet my voice ſhall reſound tho' the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it begun,
'Twas plumb-full—and I could not but love:
'Tis demoliſh'd—and I am undone!

TO HOPE.

OH! thou, that from the wild rock's height,
Woo'ſt the propitious gale
And ſitt'ſt intent with eager ſight
To catch the long-expected ſail;
And each ſtar's auſpicious riſe
Watcheſt with impatient eyes,
Mourning each paſſing cloud that ſhades the ev'ning ſkies.

While *Fancy* oft delights to wave
The playful pennant to thy view,
From the terrific ocean's cave,
Floating on clouds of varied hue,
The viſionary veſſel to emerge,
And ride upon the ſwelling ſurge,
This moment ſeems,
While the next diſſipates thy bliſsful dreams:
Yet *dark Deſpair* is not thy boſom's gueſt,
Some newly-pictur'd viſion is careſt,
Thy tranſient tortures o'er, and thou again art bleſs'd.

Welcome,

Welcome, oh, welcome to my heart,
Lov'd daughter of the ſkies;
And, as the guſts of *Diſappointment* riſe,
Thy ſov'reign aid impart;
Brighten each cheerleſs proſpect to *my* eyes!
Fly not, thou ſweet enthuſiaſt, from *me*,
Do not *my* adverſe fate *alone* deride;
Tho' dead to ev'ry joy beſide,
Oh, let me be alive to thee!

Yon captive, on whoſe waſted form no gale
Has deign'd to blow for many a ling'ring day;
Who long has ceas'd the voice of friend to hail,
Who long has ceas'd to feel the ſolar ray;
Yet bending o'er his bed of tangled ſtraw,
Reſign'd to Fate's reſiſtleſs law,
He ceaſes not thy influence to adore,
But dreams of bleſſings yet in ſtore,
And thinks on days to come, when woe ſhall
be no more.

Tho'

Tho' the endearing vows of Love,
That won her virgin heart,
The artleſs maiden long has ceas'd to hear;
Yet doth thy inſpirations oft remove
Her ſad forebodings, and impart
Thy pleaſing whiſp'rings to her wiſtful ear.
The faithleſs youth again return,
Again with love his boſom burn;
She hears thee, dear deceiver, ſay,
The dawning of ſome happier day
Shall ſee him ſuppliant to her modeſt charms,
And ſhe a bluſhing bride, encircled in his arms.

What tho' thy promiſes are air,
Yet ſhalt thou have my votive pray'r:
Sooth, then, oh! HOPE, my hapleſs doom,
On my lorn mind thy lenient balſam pour,
As onward thro' life's wilderneſs I roam,
Tell my dejected mind of joys to come,
And ſpeak, oh! ſpeak of Heaven, of Virtue's only home!

THE RETURN.

FROM THE EASTERN TO THE WESTERN IND',
NO JEWEL IS LIKE ROSALIND.

Shakeſpeare.

AGAIN freſh verdure decks the lawn,
Again with joy I hail the dawn,
Again with rapture burn;
Day's Monarch ſcatters from his beams
The truant, Health, and wide proclaims
My ROSALIND'S return.

She gives the landſcape pow'r to charm—
Can Sorrow of her dart diſarm,
And bring diſtreſs relief:
Her ſmiles, as Morning, cheers the roſe,
Can long-loſt peace reſtore, and cloſe
"The bleeding artery of grief."

Rankling Jealouſy, and Care,
Grim-viſag'd, comfortleſs Deſpair,
And all their frightful train;
Beneath whoſe melancholy pow'rs
So late I paſs'd my gloomy hours,
And ſought relief in vain:

At

At her return, before her fly,
Chas'd by the lightning of her eye,
And ſcatter'd diſtant—far;
As vapours which the Morning throws
From off the miſty mountain's brows,
As onward rolls her car.

Lo! like yon dewy Star, whoſe light
Sheds ſmiles upon the face of Night,
And wide its radiance flings;
She comes to eaſe my troubled ſoul,
When doubts and fears acroſs it roll,
With healing on her wings.

Like the mild dove, which erſt went forth
From Noah to the fartheſt North,
The wat'ry waſte explor'd;
Returning from the deſert track,
Bringing the joyful enſign back,
Of Happineſs reſtor'd!

TO BEAUTY.

ENCHANTING Pow'r! whoſe forceful ſway
The proudeſt hearts reluctant own,
Oh! come not, come not near!
I dread to bend before thy throne,
My pow'rs are loſt, my reaſon's gone,
When, in the blaze of their diſplay,
Thy dazzling charms appear,
Enchanting ev'ry ſenſe, waking delight and fear!

Oh! pour not on my raptur'd ear,
Theſe ſyren tones, divinely ſweet;
Turn quickly from my aching ſight
Thoſe ſparkling eyes of liquid light,
With love and tenderneſs replete;
Whoſe magic lightnings, ſportive, dart
Athwart the burning mind, and vibrate thro' the heart.

Whence

Whence ſpring thoſe dear, deluſive pains,
Which o'er each ſenſe thus ſweetly ſteal;
Glide ſwiftly thro' my glowing veins,
And wake the ecſtacy I feel?
Oh! 'tis thy bliſsful ſway,
Thy ſtrong, but ſecret ſpell,
Thus ſteals me from myſelf away!
Thou only ſuch delirium can'ſt inſpire,
Thy ſnowy boſom's graceful ſwell;
Thy radiant eye's expreſſive fire,
Each ſilky ringlet's mazy curl,
Thy lips of loveliеſt red, thy teeth of luſcious pearl!

Oh! come not, come not nigh,
Thou potent Empreſs of the Heart;
Quit not for me thy native ſky:
I dare not woo thee to my arms,
Or gaze upon thoſe ſeraph charms,
Which chain the captive Mind, and Reaſon's ſelf diſarms!

ADDRESS

TO A

SHEET OF PAPER.

SHALL my unhallow'd hand then dare to ſtain
Thy ſpotleſs leaves, thus lightly bath'd in gold;
Breathe o'er thy ſurface, in ſoft, plaintive ſtrain,
A tale more wild than trembling Love ere told?

Or, to revive each ſadly-pleaſing ſcene,
Say, ſhall I waft thee to a foreign ſhore;
To dwell, alas! on times that once have been,
And pleaſures paſt, and joys that are no more?

Or wilt thou whiſper, in ſome ſofter hour,
My timid vows on Beauty's ſtartled ear;
And mildly paint *Hope*'s ſweet, bewitching pow'r,
The eye's fond languiſh, and the hapleſs tear?

Oh, no;—let *Friendſhip* each gay wiſh receive,
Beware *Love*'s ſilver tones, they charm but to deceive!

SONNET

TO

MRS. SIDDONS.

'TIS not thy faſcinating charms to trace,
Thou ſweet enchantreſs! that I ſtrike the ſhell;
'Tis not to paint each mild, attractive grace,
That in thy poliſh'd form delights to dwell;

Thy brilliant eyes, thro' Paſſion's maze that roll;
Thy piercing glance, the lightning of thy ſmile;
Thy magic tones, that thrill th' enraptur'd ſoul,
And pale-ey'd Anguiſh of her grief beguile!

No, SIDDONS! 'tis thy rich, creative mind,
Thy bold conception of exalted thought,
Which ſportive wanders, free, and unconfin'd,
Where'er *wild* FANCY holds her fairy court!

Oh! may *real* ſorrow ne'er thy boſom ſwell,
Nor thou e'er *feel* thoſe woes, which thout canſt
feign ſo well!

SONNET

SONNET

TO

MISS HANNAH MORE.

FAV'RITE of Virtue, beſt belov'd of Heav'n,
Thy worth ſublime ſhould prompt a ſweeter lay;
Should prompt ſuch ſtrains as are to Angels giv'n,
And teach the ſoaring thought from earth to ſtray.

But, ah! 'twere vain!—thy merits court the ſhade;
Careleſs of human love, or human praiſe,
Thoud'ſt ſhrink to ſee thy mental charms pourtray'd;
Far other fame thy ſoul ſuperior ſways.

Religion's peaceful empire to extend,
To lure the wand'ring ſpirit to it's reſt,
Is thy kind taſk, thy being's aim and end:
With this fond care is all thy ſoul poſſeſt.

Yet, tho' no earthly view thy hopes inflame,
Thy country owns thy worth, and long ſhall love thy name.

THE VOYAGER.

A SONNET.

THE homeward ſailor, cradled in the ſhrowd,
Heeds not the fury of the ſtorm,
Tho' peals, in frequent thunders, loud
Roars round his ſhiv'ring form.

When high upon the giddy maſt,
Rock'd by the gales of night,
Fearleſs he views the lurid blaſt,
Undaunted meets the fight.

Tho' DANGER threats on ev'ry ſide,
And HORROR yawns below,
Sill HOPE, his flatt'ring, faithful guide,
Shoots thro' his heart a glow;

That once, thoſe momentary perils o'er,
He meets his darling fair to part no more!

STANZAS

STANZAS,

INSCRIBED TO HER WHO BEST UNDERSTANDS THEM.

WHY, buſy Thought, impatient of repoſe,
Thus wander o'er the paſt ſad ſource of pain,
Whence all my ſorrows, all my joys aroſe;
Joys that are gone,—but ſorrows that remain?

Alas! what mind, but thus delights to range;
Exults to ſee, with myſtic ſkill reſtor'd,
The ſcenes, revers'd by Time's eventful change,
Which moſt it lov'd—the days it moſt ador'd.

Hail! peaceful *Beddington*, ſweethamlet, hail!
Long ſhall thy name my inmoſt ſoul revere;
E'en till life's lateſt hour ſhalt thou prevail,
To bring to memory all my heart holds dear.

When *Harriot*'s preſence graced each heighten'd charm,
Fraught with each ſympathy which love inſpires,
I've ſtrove, with earneſt energy, to warm
Her gen'rous boſom with congenial fires.

In thy lone church-yard, where, belov'd of Time,
The aged yew tree ſpreads it's fun'ral ſhade,
And *Death* ſeems pauſing o'er the rude ſublime,
Proud of the havock that himſelf has made;—

Together, oft, at twilight's thoughtful hour,
In ſilent expectation have we ſtood,
To view the owl forth from her darkſome bow'r
Sail ſlowly to the deep-emboſom'd wood.

Oft, when the Moon, lorn ſpectre of the night,
Shed o'er the wide expanſe her ſoften'd beam,
We've dwelt in converſe of unmix'd delight,
On many a pleaſing, many a plantive theme.

Oh! *Memory*, on my muſing mind retrace
The ſwiftly-fleeting joys which then I knew;
Waft me, in viſion, to that hallow'd place,
And give me back each moment as it flew.

Give me, in Fancy's ſweeteſt dream to rove
O'er thoſe high hills*, enthroning many a cloud;
To roam the walk,† and tread the lonely grove,
What time the ſun his genial beams unſhrowd.

Oh! no,—*Reflection*, *Mem'ry*, *Fancy*, fly!
Thy lov'd illuſions I will woo no more;
No more invoke thee from thy magic ſky,
Or bid thee o'er my mind thy tranſports pour.

Too long has Hope my flatter'd heart beguil'd,
Too well her fond, but faithleſs, voice I know;
Deſpair's more welcome than her aſpect mild,
That lulls to ecſtacy—but wakes to woe!

Oh! *Apathy*, at thy petrific ſhrine
I bow, and court thy dull lethargic pow'r;
Henceforth I'll bend me to thy ſway benign,
Thy opiate ſpell ſhall rule each future hour.

---

* Addington hills.

† Queen Elizabeth's Walk.

ELEGY

ON LEAVING RICHMOND.

ERE yon lov'd hills cloſe ever on my view,
Ere I purſue my melancholy way,
Here let me pauſe, to take a ſad adieu;
Here to *Maria* frame the parting lay.

Not that I quit reluctantly the bow'r
Of bright eyed Pleaſure, and her laughing train;
Not that of Faſhion I confeſs the pow'r;
Such light wing'd ſorrows would diſgrace the ſtrain.

Not that each modiſh beauty I reſign,
And from the giddy town prepare to go:
I never worſhipp'd at their tawdry ſhrine;
Their loſs would never raiſe one note of woe.

'Tis that with thee, oh, SHENE! delight to dwell,
She who my heart's beſt energies can move;
'Tis that, while thus the ſorrowing ſtrain I ſwell,
I leave the cheriſh'd object of my love.

Oh!

Oh! ne'er a lovelier face or finer form,
From Nature's pencil, into being glow'd;
Ah! ne'er a heart more gen'rouſly warm
In virtues cauſe on mortal was beſtow'd.

Tho' upon her cheek the vary'd roſe
By Beauty's partial hand is amply giv'n,
Her breaſt no ignoble attendant knows;
Her ſoul is ſpotleſs as the ſouls of Heav'n.

Twick'nham, oft' ſhaded by thy claſſic bow'rs,
I've held ſweet converſe with the matchleſs maid;
Breath'd new confeſſions of her boundleſs pow'r,
As careleſs o'er the verdant lawns we ſtray'd.

Oh! when thy favourite Poet caught her mind,
What ſeraph muſic floated from her tongue:
Pope's ſofteſt numbers were by her refin'd,
And liſt'ning Rapture on her accents hung.

Oft, too, where *Thames'* buſy waters lave
Thy moſſy ſkirts, and ſilent roll along,
Whilſt the moon ſtoop'd to kiſs the playful wave,
I've rais'd to her my love-inſpired ſong.

Oh! I have known the more than mortal bliſs
To live beneath the empire of her charms;
To ſteal, with chaſte delight, the balmy kiſs,
And preſs her trembling to my youthful arms.

Thoſe hours are flown on Time's extended wing,
Hours that, without her, I can know no more,
Tho' Fortune all her glitt'ring treaſure bring,
More e'en than poets paint the miſer's ſtore.

For tho' around me tides of pleaſure roll,
Tho' Hope ſhould light it's rapture in my eye,
Remembrance ſtill would picture to my ſoul
Each vaniſh'd ſcene, and force the mournful ſigh.

Queen

Queen of the ſolemn hour, whoſe luſtre ſtreams
Bright from thy ivory-axl'd car above,
Pillow'd on feath'ry clouds, thy early beams
Have witneſs'd all our mutual vows of love.

Say, does ſhe ſtill delighted roam thoſe hills,
Where oft ſhe liſten'd to my ardent pray'r;
Does ſhe ſtill think of him her image fills,
Whoſe ev'ry happineſs is center'd there:

Does ſhe ſtill ſacred hold her early vow,
Pledg'd when her heart with Paſſion's flame was warm;
Or does her gentle boſom ceaſe to glow,
And all that charm'd her once, now ceaſe to charm?

Echo, thou ſweeteſt wood nymph, catch the ſound
Which here I mingle with the vagrant air;
Tell her how deep my heart's unpity'd wound,
My brighteſt hope how darken'd by diſpair!

Near where my fooſteps now imprint the ſand,
Oh, Ocean, I conjure you, fear to come;
And as your waves, returning, beat the ſtrand,
Reſtrain the wild impetuous ſurges' foam:

Perhaps, when next ſhe treads, this pebbled ſhore,
It may inform her why I linger here;
And vivid Recollection then may pour
To my ſad fate the tributary tear!

In vain I call upon the reſtleſs wave,
In vain ſolicit Echo's airy tongue:
No more for me her heart the ſigh will heave,
Nor will ſhe deign to liſten to my ſong.

In vain this fond memorial do I leave
Imprinted on the border of the ſea:
Why will deceiving fancy ſtill believe
That ſhe, by all ador'd, will live for me?

She, who is all imagination forms
Of *Love*, of *Beauty*, *Happineſs*, and *Joy!*
Whoſe glance the moſt inſenſate boſom warms,
Whoſe form with rapture fixes every eye!

And muſt I leave her—leave thoſe matchleſs charms?
For this I frequent heave the deep-drawn ſigh,
That I am forc'd far diſtant from thoſe arms,
The frowns of Fate and Fortune to defy.

Now *Dian*'s paly circlet wide diſplays
Dun *Night*, in mantle gemm'd with many a ſtar,
Unluſtrous borne upon the viewleſs breeze,
Slowly advancing in her ſhadowy car.

Dear maid, farewel; and tho' now doom'd to part,
And ſhould we never, never meet again,
Thy darling image on my faithful heart
Will aye indelibly impreſs'd remain,

ELEGY

TO MARIA.

FAR from the arms of her I fondly love,
To woo coy Fortune from her deep retreat,
I go; but, ah! where'er I devious rove,
My heart with anguiſh will for ever beat.

Loud o'er my head the pealing thunder rolls,
Full on my ſight the livid lightnings glare,
Down the rough ſteep the headlong torrent falls,
Giving e'en fiercer horror to Deſpair.

Ah! what's to me this elemental rage,
This craſh of matter, and this warring world?
Conflicts like theſe can ne'er his fears engage,
Whoſe ev'ry Hope is from his boſom hurl'd!

Let thoſe ſeek ſhelter, whom ſuch ſtorms affright,
And who, the tempeſt o'er, expect a calm;
I court thoſe ruſhing gales which wake the night;
No change of ſeaſon brings to me it's balm.

Long

Long from this heated heart has pleaſure flown,
And long this head has ceas'd to find repoſe;
And many a tear this pallid cheek adown,
Proclaims a boſom tenanted by woes.

I love to roam the dwellings of the dead,
Mid'ſt their lone manſions to purſue my way;
To court the yew tree's melancholy ſhade,
And ſhrowd me from the gariſh eye of day.

I ſeek thy gloomieſt frown, majeſtic Night,
Thy ſtep myſterious, and thy voice of fear:
Watch thy ſtern influence with unaw'd delight,
And liſten to thy gales that ſigh ſo drear.

I love to view thee, riding on the blaſt,
Pealing thy awful thunder's deepeſt roar;
On rocks to ſee the foaming billows caſt,
And the ſtorm roll along the diſtant ſhore.

Me from deep Solitude's impervious ſhade
The world's enticements never ſhall recal;
Were it's beſt gifts before my ſight array'd,
I would not quit it to poſſeſs them all.

No, never! tho' the gorgeous Eaſt diſplay
Her ore refulgent, and her diamond's blaze;
Luſtrous and dazzling as the Lord of Day,
Untempted on the venal wealth I'd gaze.

In vain ſhould Friendſhip's ſoothing voice alure,
Or Flatt'ry exerciſe her forceful ſway;
Not even Beauty's energetic pow'r,
Tho' by love arm'd, ſhould draw me back to day.

Ah! ceaſe this boaſt—ſhould but Maria ſhew
Her lovely image on the deſert plain,
This rebel heart, alas! too well I know,
Would court it's former miſeries again.

THE MUSE RECALLED.

CELESTIAL maid! whoſe potent ſpell
Can to the raviſh'd ſenſe thy pow'r recal!
Ah! when, at evening's modeſt gleam,
Thou ſteal'ſt along the dark'ning vale,
To mark the ſwallow ſkim the ſilver ſtream;

Or where the penſive primroſe pale
Drinks the freſh fragrance of the gale,
Till, from her pillowy cloud, deſcends the Night,
And blended landſcapes fail the fading ſight;

Or when the ethereal blue of morn
Allures thy polliſh'd form to leave
The lovely ſcenes with Nature bath'd in dew,
To pluck the wild roſe from the weeping thorn:
From ſuch deluſive dreams, ſweet maïd, return;
Return, and wake to life the tuneful lyre;
Maria's worth can well thy power inſpire,
Can animate the golden wire
To ſend forth ſounds with harmony replete!
The trembling chords, ſo ſoftly ſweet,
Can charm to ecſtacy the ling'ring hours,
Her ſkilful hand can call forth all it's pow'rs.—
Hark!

Hark! whence aroſe that magic voice,
Which vibrates on my raviſh'd ear!

'Behold that form, by heav'n approv'd,
'Whoſe gentle ſpirit virtue lov'd;
'Behold that eye, whoſe glance benign
'Drew timid Genius from the cave of thought;
'Whoſe look can animate, exalt, refine!
'Behold the Muſe thou long haſt ſought,
'Whoſe tuneful lays thy inmoſt ſoul endear'd!'

The voice was loſt in air, *Maria*'s ſelf appear'd.

EASE.

AN EPISTLE FROM A COLLEGIAN AT OXFORD TO HIS FRIEND AT CAMBRIDGE.

YOUR friend, a crazy ſon of rhyme,
Sends you, at length, this ſcrawl ſublime,
Your letter has lain by me long,
I grant ye, this was very wrong;
But, ſtill, I ſee not where the uſe is,
To ſend a ſtring of ſtale excuſes;
Behold an anſwer come at laſt,
Let that plead pardon for the paſt:
I'm ſorry it came not before,
A thouſand words could mean no more.

You aſk me how I am, and where?
What's *now* my ſtudy, what my care?
What *new* purſuits my hours engage?
How goes the law's impervious page?
I tell thee, in reply, my brain
Is like a vaſt, extenſive plain,
Which ſcarce a zephyr over blows,
Or ought occurs to diſcompoſe.

No objects now my paſſions ſeize,
Know, *Ned*, I pay my court to—EASE.
My ſoul unſtrung, my mind undreſt,
I'm taking intellectual reſt:
The *otium cum dignitate*,
Now ſuperſedes all matters weighty;
The ſtring muſt be relax'd, you know,
Or elſe you riſque to break the bow.
Whiſtling away my graver looks
I'll thumb no more your crabbed books;
Old *Plowden*, *Lyttleton*, and *Coke*
(Whoſe very names my ſpleen provoke),
And *Noy*, and half a hundred more,
With all their dull black-letter'd lore,
I give, unpitying, to the flames,
My jaded mind their aid diſclaims:
My bed-maker may light my fire
With *Keble*, *Bulſtrode*, *Style*, and *Dyer*;
I'll pore no more with ſapient phiz
Over *Cro. Jac.* and *Cro. Eliz.*
With otherguiſe employ each day,
And *while* the paſſing hour away;

Round

Round Chriſt-church meadow take a turn,
Call at the *Star* the news to learn,
Or careleſs lounge about the Quad
Till four—then take a gentle nod,
While the ſhrill chapel-bell, for pray'rs,
Rings it's dull ſummons in one's ears:
Then with the wits of *Pembroke* dine,
And take with *Merton men* my wine.
While you, at diſtance from the courts,
Nod, now and then, o'er *Coke*'s reports,
Or bite your lips, and make wry faces
O'er arguments of ſpecial caſes:
E'en I myſelf, a witleſs dunce,
Acknowledge to have done ſo *once*,
But ſaw my folly in a trice,
And, truſt me, never did ſo *twice*.
You ſoon will coincide with me,
'Tis nonſenſe, in the laſt degree,
To let a complicated train
Of ſubtle reaſoning vex you brain,
And with *your* fund of native merit,
And livelineſs, and wit, and ſpirit,

To con dry folio's night and day,
And ſtew your ſenſe and ſoul away;
Attending at the ſtated hour,
Without digeſtion, to devour
Lectures of Logic or of Latin,
On which the witleſs brain may fatten;
And, after all, to have your head
Stuff'd, like a hollow tooth, *with lead.*
I this auſpicious moment ſeize on
To preach, and bring you back to reaſon:
Who, that the ſweets of EASE might know,
Such diſcipline would undergo?
So ill am I to care inclin'd,
That, if the candle of *my* mind
Would not ſend forth it's wonted light,
But gleam obſcurely and unbright,
And burn, at every inſtant, thick,
Unleſs as oft I trim'd the wick,
And tended it with gentle puffing,
And kept perpetually ſnuffing;
E'er I'd be teaz'd with all this rout,
At once, I vow, I'd ſnuff it out.

What,

What, let me aſk thee, *Ned*, is Fame,
That it ſhould be ſo much thy aim?
We can live well enough without it;
Witneſs myſelf, who always flout it;
Becauſe, convinc'd they greatly err,
Who high renown to EASE prefer.
It haps with half the learned race,
Fame does but publiſh their diſgrace;
She has no favourite but feels
Fell *Envy* courſing at his heels;
The proverb ſays (and *entre nous*,
What proverbs ſay is very true),
That after death the doctor comes.
This trueſt of all apothegms,
Aptly applies to *Fame:* you have
No viſit from her, till the grave
Has powder'd all your bones to duſt;
Then ſhe proclaims you brave and juſt:
Learning you had, and wit refin'd,
Genius ſublime, a noble mind:
And then, e'en *Slander* ſheaths her ſword,
And nods aſſent to every word.

Tho' Fate has doom'd me to the jar
And clamour of the wrangling bar,
Yet no equivalent of fees
Shall tempt me to forego my EASE.
I fain would, unperplex'd by ſtrife,
Tread the rough zig-zag path of life;
I bear away from critic jars,
And virulence of verbal wars:
I'd rather live where *Folly* dwells,
Tinkling her cap ſtrung round with bells,
Than where your formal pedants ſit
The ghoſtly enemies of wit;
And bookworms, with their cynic rules,
Quoting the jargon of the ſchools:
With ſuch ſtarch Dons to be confin'd,
Puts a *ſtrait waiſtcoat* on my mind.
I graduated dunces flee;
No learned wife-acres for me.
With all the tribe, the *gens barbare*,
My patience is at open war.
I love to ſee libations pour'd
With freedom round the ſocial board,

Where

Where Wiſdom grave, and attic Wit,
Joint regents of the table ſit:
I love, by eloquence refin'd,
The poliſh'd intercourſe of mind,
But greatly loath the big pretence
Of formal talk to ſolid ſenſe;
The meaſur'd ſentences that waddle
With grave parade from empty noddle;
With ſhreds of claſſic lore, deſign'd
To tinker up a tatter'd mind.—
Let friendſhip's faſcinating ſmile
My every vacant hour beguile;
Honour I care not for, nor wealth;
Give me tranquility and health,
And take all other earthly joys;
Take all life's baubles, rattles, toys,
And every tinſel charm that rules
Mankind, and fills the paradiſe of fools.

I pray you, ſhortly, let me know
If *you* remain in *ſtatu quo;*
And when you write, pray ſpare my failing,
Your ſerious hints are unavailing:

This love of EASE, I can't forſake it,
So if not giv'n me, muſt take it.
While I am trav'lling life's dull road,
I'd fain jog on without a *load*;
Or if my back a load muſt bear,
Chance, not *choice*, ſhall put it there.
You, if you will, may rake and rove,
And pay your due devoirs to Love;
But Love no more ſhall have *my* pray'rs;
Wine ſhall henceforth diſpel my cares;
Shall every joyleſs thought repreſs,
And give a zeſt to idleneſs:
My heart, caſe-harden'd, ſhall not feel
Thoſe wounds that "*Time* can never heal."
Grown, in the end, a little wiſe,
I'm callous to love-darting eyes,
And teeth of pearl, and pouting lip,
Whence bees their luſcious honey ſip.
With *Cupid* long at daggers drawn,
(I wiſh the Imp had ne'er been born)
His dart ne'er rankles in my breaſt,
Diſturbs my peace, or breaks my reſt.

Never,

Never, to ſave my ſoul, could I
Flatter, entreat, and ſwear, and ſigh,
And, patient, banquet all the while
On the ſpare diet of a ſmile.

As little, too, can I rehearſe
My hopes and fears in plantive verſe;
Full well you know, my *Muſe*, ſublime,
Is apt to go beyond her time;
And, after all, tho' thus ſhe tarries,
'Tis ten to one but ſhe miſcarries.
It ſo falls out, I know not why,
She ſeldom rears her progeny;
Some ſullen Fate's uncourteous ſpite
Deſtroys them e'er they ſee the light:
Some are ſtill-born, ſome in their birth
Are ſtrangled, and ſent back to earth;
The *Accoucheur's* unſkilful aid
Kills ſome, and ſome are overlaid:
And then, ſuch *times*, I do declare
The creature has, as never were;
Such keenly-agonizing throes
As give no moment of repoſe;

Such

Such twiſts, electric ſtarts, and groans,
And whines, and mutt'rings, and moans—
And then, ſuch *gettings up!*—I vow,
To paint the ſcene I know not how;
Her ſuff'rings beggar all deſcription,
Unleſs, indeed, I dealt in fiction.
To cut all ſhort, and not abuſe
Your patience more, the pregnant Muſe
Ne'er got from my ungenial brains
More than her *labour* for her *pains*.

As luck will have it, you may doze
As well o'er poetry as proſe,
Elſe might I fear 'twould move your ſpleen
When this unending ſcroll is ſeen.
But never mind, revenge yourſelf,
Replace your folio on the ſhelf,
And ſhould it take you in the vein,
Write me ten times as much again.
This ſcrawl prolix has, heav'n knows,
Treſpaſs'd enough on *my* repoſe:

I'll

I'll ne'er again repeat the crime,
Believe me, thus to prate in rhyme.
I've much to tell, but can't rehearſe
The marrow of the tale in verſe:
So, for the preſent, you'll diſpenſe
With aught of *that* intelligence.
I'd feign be railing at the times,
But railing don't accord with rhymes;
Beſides, ſtate matters don't perplex me,
I've long ſince ceas'd to let them vex me:
Our conſtitution's fall I fear not;
Who's in or out of place I care not.
I will not ſacrifice my EASE,
Or kings or miniſters to pleaſe.
I give them neither praiſe nor blame,
Nor blacken, nor exalt their fame:
If they do well, why heav'n reward 'em;
If they do ill, I diſregard 'em:
Reſolv'd, whatever way it goes
It ſhall not peſter my repoſe;

But

But I forget I'm peſt'ring your's
While this wild fit of rhyme endures.
Hating, in friendſhip, to affect
Formal profeſſions of reſpect,
I thus, at once to make an end,
Subſcribe myſelf your ſincere friend.

Your

ſincere friend.

EPIGRAMS,

&c.

EPIGRAM,

ON A VERY HOMELY BUT VAIN YOUNG LADY.

CELIA, why put *two* patches on;
Is it for ornament, or grace?
Take my advice, wear only *one*—
And let it cover all your face.

EPIGRAM,

WELL may'ſt thou dread, in this ſad hour,
The lightning's livid flaſh to feel,
When to each ſtrong *attractive* power
You add, fair girl, a *heart of ſteel!*

EPIGRAM.

LOVELY Kitty, 'witching fair,
Would every nerve of paſſion tear,
And chain the captive ſoul,
But Heav'n, in mercy to our fate,
Decreed our peace a longer date,
And made the thing *a fool.*

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM

OF MONS. DE VOLTAIRE.

VOUS ſonneurs, ſans Miſerecorde !
Perſecuteurs du genre humain,
Que in n'ayez vous au cou la corde,
Que vous tenez en votre main.

IMITATED.

OF Ringers, ſurely ſuch a raſcally band
Never yet did our patience perplex :
Would to heav'n the ropes which you hold in your hand,
Were twiſted full tight round your necks.

EPIGRAM,

SUGGESTED BY A MAXIM OF THE LATE LORD CHESTERFIELD.

I'LL laugh at them that laugh at me, *Dick* cries;
Then you'll be always laughing, *Will* replies.

SENECA.

ILLI mors gravis incubat,
Qui omrs nimis omnibus
Ignotus moritur ſibi.

TRANSLATED.

WHEN Death's relentleſs dart is hurl'd,
What tenfold terrors muſt it own
To him, who, fam'd throughout the world,
Dies, to himſelf unknown?

EXTEMPORE.

WRITTEN ON A VOLUME OF MANUSCRIPT POETRY, PRESENTED TO A LADY.

O HAPPY book! to whom 'tis giv'n
To catch that love-inſpiring eye,
Which carries in its glance the heav'n
Of him, who muſt without her die.

Oh! could'ſt thou but, kind leaf, retain
One heav'nly ſmile ſhe gives to thee,
E'er long I'd viſit thee again,
And eaſe my ſoul of miſery.

A SONG.

A SONG.

O LOVE! thou ſoft intruder, ſay,
Why haſt thou thus my ſoul poſſeſt?
Why, thro' each vein, thus wildly play?
Why wound my boſom's envy'd reſt?

Take from my heart thy magic ſpell,
Subdue each ſadly-pleaſing pain;
Each dear deluſive hope diſpel,
And give me to myſelf again.

And muſt I then each bliſs forego?
Ah no!—thou ſubtle power divine
Let all thine heat within me glow,
But, touch that heart which conquer'd mine.

A BALLAD.

TO languiſh, to ſigh, and complain,
In ſorrow to wear out my days,
Ne'er to hope a relief from my pain,
Is my doom, from thy conquering eyes!

Tho', cruel, you kill with a frown,
Your charms are ſo fix'd in my mind,
That I bend 'neath your tyranny down,
And fear to complain you 're unkind.

Could but Reaſon perſuade me to fly,
And baniſh you far from my heart!
But, alas! ſhe illumines your eye,
And ſharpens the point of its dart.

Do not bid me, then, ceaſe to adore,
And not breathe the ſoft accent of Love;
Not to ſpeak of my paſſion no more,
Tho' you may not its ardor approve.

Bid me not quit thoſe eyes, darting fire,—
  Quit thoſe cheeks, like the down of the peach;
Lips like roſe leaves, creating deſire,
  And thoſe ſmiles, no deſcription can reach.

The vanquiſh'd, who bleed from the dart
  Of the mercileſs victors of war,
Are not ſuffer'd, unheard, to depart,
  Ere to pity they offer a pray'r.

Be not thou, then, more cruel than thoſe;
  Ah! pity thoſe pains you inſpire;
Give him eaſe, who is tortur'd by woes,
  Who burns with unquenchable fire!

She will!—ſhe's an angel of light!
  In Heav'n's image, ſure mercy muſt dwell!
She will not abandon him quite,
  But will hear him his miſery tell.

SONNETS,

&c.

SONNET,

TO THE PRIMROSE.

SWEET, early Promiſer of ſpring,
That bloom'ſt in Sorrow's humble vale,
I love to view thee mildly fling
Thy perfume to the vagrant gale.

I've mark'd thy ſmiles, when Morn diſplay'd
Thy brighter beauties to the eye;
Have ſeen thy tears, when Evening's ſhade
Cloath'd thy pale leaf with ſofter dye.

Thus does the morn of mutual love
Spread o'er the ſoul its livelier glow;
Thus we behold the moiſten'd tear
Down Sorrow's ſnowy boſom flow:
When plighted love proves inſincere,
Then 'tis we feel the force of woe!

IMITA-

IMITATION OF A SONNET

OF

PETRARCH.

NOT leſs the playful magic of thy mind,
Than its deep pathos, has the pow'r
To bear my ſorrows to the wind,
In Fate's ſevereſt hour.

Oh, were I thrown where tygers howl,
Where the ſun darts his burning beams;
Or, ſhiv'ring near the frozen pole,
Where ſummer's radiance never ſtreams;

Or rack'd upon the torturing wheel,
Or gall'd by Slavery's murd'rous chain;
My ſoul, mid'ſt every pang, would feel
Thy glowing charms, and ſcorn its pain.

Bleſs'd with thy ſmile, 'gainſt every evil ſtrive,
But thy dread frown I never could ſurvive!

SONNET.

SONNET.

BLEAK o'er the barren heath the north blaſts blow,
And loud the thunder rolls along the ſky;
Onward I wander, ſtill the child of Woe!
And all the horrors of the ſtorm defy.

Soother of care, ſweet *Hope*, in life's gay morn
Thou ſtreweſt roſes on my gladſome day;
No more, as erſt, thy ſmiles my ſteps adorn,
No more, as once, thou cheer'ſt me on my way.

But, in thy ſtead, I greet the fiend *Deſpair*,
And *Grief*, with folded arms and look reſign'd:
Hence, vain deluſive joys, my breaſt I bare,
And bid your utmoſt terrors fill my mind:

Blaſts, blow ye on—*Storms*, rage without controul;
What are ye to the tempeſt of my ſoul!

STANZAS.

STANZAS.

WILL haggard *Diſappointment* low'r
For ever o'er my proſpects fair?
And *Melancholy* ſhade each hour
With the dark pencil of Deſpair?

When will the wand'rer, *Hope*, return
To glad again this beating heart?
When ſhall this breaſt no longer mourn
Its deep-felt wounds from Mis'ry's dart?

How happy he whoſe eaſy hours
Is lighted by the ſtar of Love,
Who lives beneath its golden pow'rs,
Whoſe bounded wiſhes never rove;

Tho' Fortune ne'er with him abides,
And ſummer friends grow cold, and fly
The roof where Poverty reſides,
Seeking a brighter, warmer ſky,

Then he, whoſe only hope is Love,
  Whoſe peace is in his fair-one's breaſt;
To that he flies, and, like the dove,
  Finds ſhelter, and defies the blaſt.

SONNET.

LET others ſeek for glitt'ring ore,
And bend at Fortune's varying ſhrine;
To ſwell th' accumulating ſtore,
Live mid'ſt the vapours of the mine.

Let Commerce ſcour the billowy deep,
And mad Ambition plume the war;
Let pining Avarice court his heap,
And the mock Patriot ſeek the ſtar.

Me other joys delight: let Love
Around my heart his magic ſpread,
By Fancy's glowing fingers wove:
Oft wove, alas! too ſoon to fade.

In ſuch delightful dreams I'll waſte each day,
Till life and all it's fleeting joys decay.

SONNET

TO FRIENDSHIP.

O THOU, to whom is giv'n the pow'r
To ſooth the furrow'd brow of Care;
Whoſe ſmile can cheer the gloomieſt hour,
And light the dungeon of Deſpair:

Thy arm can ſoften Slavery's chain,
The lucid tear of Rapture ſtart;
Give the rude tenant of the deſert plain
The nobleſt tranſport of the feeling heart.

E'en *Love's* rapt votary owns thy ſway;
Tho' bleſt with her his ſoul ador'd,
Sighs for the ſocial hour, the converſe gay,
Where thou preſideſt at the board.

Oh, if by thee ſuch magic is poſſeſt,
Haſten and ſooth the ſorrows of this breaſt.

SONNET.

WHY does blind Folly heedleſs cry?
To Sentiment is only giv'n
The rapt'rous thought, the ſwelling ſigh,
To taſte a ſublun'ry heav'n.

Oh, could the ſons of Dulneſs know
The pangs that tear the feeling heart,
When venom'd *Slander* aims a blow,
Or broken Faith direct its dart.

When *Friendſhip*, once ſo warm, grows cold,
And *Love* betrays her ſacred truſt;
Theſe truths to Folly's children told,
Would ſhew the man of feeling curſt.

Give me, to waſte my future day
With eaſy, calm Tranquility.

SONNET,

TO A FRIEND.

OH, thou, who from Deſpair's dark ſtrand
My woe-ſtruck, ſhatter'd bark haſt ſav'd;
Guid'ſt it with Friendſhip's ſteadying hand,
When late the tempeſt rav'd:

When Paſſion o'er each accent hung,
And fram'd the artleſs pray'r;
And Love, the Syren flatt'rer, ſung,
Thou bad'ſt the ſong beware.

Caution'd by thee, I ſpread my ſails,
And quit the dang'rous ſhore;
Now, ſafe and under milder gales,
I'll dare the ſtorm no more.

Thy gen'rous kindneſs well demands theſe lays,
And gratefully my heart the tribute pays.

SONNET.

MARY, the magic of thy ſoft controul
Five tedious years my heart has preſt;
In ſorrow and in bliſs my anxious ſoul
This ray of Hope poſſeſt—

That, ſometime, Fortune's fickle ſtar
Would light me on to Love and thee;
And tho' by Fate divided far
At length reward my conſtancy.

The haſty tale, which late I breath'd
Into thy liſt'ning ear,
(My heart, of all its hope bereav'd)
Was prompted by Deſpair.

Too much this anxious beating heart
The pains of abſence knew,
Again to riſk a cold depart,
An unexplain'd adieu!

SONNET.

'TIS paſt—the pleaſing viſion's fled,
The dream no longer cheats my raviſh'd eye;
The clouds, that late collected o'er my head,
Now darkly deepen on the lurid ſky.

Tho' you amid the ſtorm can ſtand
Unmov'd, and calmly view the wreck;
In cold philoſophy extend your hand,
And "keep the ruby on your cheek;"

No adamantine ſhield protects my heart,
Dull Apathy has ne'er diſgrac'd her ſeat;
She feels her right at woes to ſtart,
And own her ſorrows, when they wildly beat.

Can I, then, bid the burning tear to ceaſe,
When loſing thee ſo deeply wounds my peace!

SONNET.

SONNET.

WHY twines the Serpent of Deſpair,
Thus cold, around my heart?
Why thus unbidden falls the tear?
Why goads Affliction's dart?

But, that I'm doom'd to ſee,
Diſtreſs'd, thy fatal charms;
And to reflect the heavens decree
Another to your arms!

Tho' Fate deny us bliſs to know,
And Death the lips of Love may ſeal,
Friendſhip may yet a balm beſtow
To wounds, no ruder hand can heal.

Oh, then, my ſorrows to remove,
Give me thy Friendſhip, pure as Love!

TO MARIA.

WHY will *Maria*, cruel, ſtill believe
That my firm truth will ever know decay?
Oh, let th' unwelcome thought no longer grieve—
Chaſe ſuch intruſions from thy breaſt away!

Sooner ſhall Philomela quit her gloom,
And carol, jocund, to the day's bright beam;
Sooner the Miſer leave his heaps, his home,
And riot wild in Diſſipation's ſtream:

Sooner yon orb of fire forget to ſhine,
Forſake his annual courſe around the world;
The moon her wave-compelling power reſign;
And every ſtar be into darkneſs hurl'd!

When my love proves not to *Maria* true,
Then muſt my heart's warm ſtream forget to flow.

THE

THE following Ode of the PASSIONS, which has procured ſo much and ſuch deſerved celebrity to the name of *Collins*, has been noticed to omit the paſſion of LOVE, which, perhaps, affords of all others the moſt ample ſcope to the powers of affecting and appropriate deſcription. Could ſuch an omiſſion be reaſonably imputed to an inability in the Poet to delineate the features of a paſſion at once ſo common and ſo ſublime, the following attempt would never have appeared. No one, however, that is converſant with the writings of that elegant and plaintive Poet, will aſcribe its omiſſion to any ſuch cauſe; but whatever may have occaſioned it, the difficulty is not leſſened to any effort which may be made to ſupply the deficiency. The preſent Writer, having ſome time ſince thrown together a few lines on the ſubject, has here ventured to ſubmit them, with the utmoſt diffidence, to the public eye. Could he catch ought of that tenderneſs of Feeling, or warmth of Fancy, which pervades the Ode itſelf, he would with infinitely leſs re-

luctance have contrafted the humble Effufions of his own Mufe with the elegant and expreffive fweetnefs of thofe Numbers he has aimed, he fears, fo ineffectually to imitate.

The Paffion of SCORN, it will be feen, is likewife added; it having been thought that its introduction would give the Poem a more finifhed appearance. The prefent endeavour to repref ent it may, perhaps, have the merit of fuggefting the idea to fome happier talent, better qualified to do it juftice.

THE PASSIONS. AN ODE.

WHEN MUSIC, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece ſhe ſung,
The Paſſions oft, to hear her ſhell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Poſſeſt beyond the Muſe's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Diſturb'd, delighted, rais'd refin'd:
Till once, 'tis ſaid, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inſpir'd,
From the ſupporting myrtles round
They ſnatch'd her inſtruments of ſound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet leſſons of her forceful art,
Each, for MADNESS rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expreſſive power.

Firſt FEAR his hand, its ſkill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the ſound himſelf had made.

Next ANGER ruſh'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his ſecret ſtings,
In one rude claſh he ſtruck the lyre,
And ſwept with hurried hand the ſtrings.

With woful meaſures wan DESPAIR,
Low ſullen ſounds his grief beguil'd,
A ſolemn, ſtrange, and mingled air;
'Twas ſad by fits, by ſtarts 'twas wild.

But thou! oh, HOPE, with eyes ſo fair,
What was thy delighted meaſure?
Still it whiſper'd promis'd pleaſure,
And bade the lovely ſcenes at diſtance hail!
Still would her touch the ſtrain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on ECHO ſtill through all the ſong;
And where her ſweeteſt theme ſhe choſe,
A ſoft reſponſive voice was heard at every cloſe,
And HOPE, enchanted, ſmil'd and wav'd her golden hair,
And longer had ſhe ſung—but, with a frown,
REVENGE

REVENGE impatient roſe;
He threw his blood-ſtain'd ſword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blaſt ſo loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic ſounds ſo full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though ſometimes, each dreary pauſe between,
Dejected PITY, at his ſide,
Her ſoul-ſubduing voice applied,
Yet ſtill he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each ſtrain'd ball of ſight ſeem'd
Burſting from his head.

'With look of mingled ſmile and frown,
'Leaving his ſtately place,
'With port erect, and meaſur'd pace,
'Affected SCORN came down:
'With haughty hand he ſtruck the lyre,
'Nor ſtaid its ſolemn chords among,
'But inſtant, as the ſlight-ſtruck wire

Sent

'Sent forth its dulcet ſound,
'Rais'd his diſdainful lip, and threw it to the ground.

'Scarce did the glitt'ring chords their cadence cloſe,
'When LOVE, ſweet ſmiling roſe,
'Array'd in Beauty's pride;
'He to the harp his timid hand apply'd,
'And wak'd its ſeraph ſtrain;
'The am'rous Echoes catch th' ecſtatic notes,
'And as on the impatient air
'The ſymphony celeſtial floats,
'Vie the wild warblings longeſt to retain;
'The Graces dance in ſprightlier round,
'And print with lighter ſtep the ground.
'All Nature ſeems with livelier warmth to glow;
'Freſh myrtle binds each poliſh'd brow,
'And ſwifter fly the circling hours:
'The *ruder Paſſions* ſooth'd, amaz'd
'Confeſs his more than mortal powers:
'With wild unſteady eye they gaz'd;

'And

'And, as to the ſapphire ſkies
'Theliquid notes tranſportive riſe,
'With momentary rapture own
'Their tort'ring ſceptre broke, their potent empire gone!'

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to nought were fix'd;
Sad proof of thy diſtreſsful ſtate;
Of differing themes the veering ſong was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes uprais'd, as one inſpir'd,
Pale MELANCHOLY ſat retir'd,
And from her wild, ſequeſter'd ſeat,
In notes, by diſtance made more ſweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her penſive ſoul:
And daſhing ſoft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the ſound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole;

Or o'er ſome haunted ſtreams, with fond delay,
(Round an holy calm diffuſing,
Love of peace, and lonely muſing,)
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh, how alter'd was it's ſprightlier tone,
When CHEARFULNESS, a nymph of healthieſt hue,
Her bow acroſs her ſhoulder flung,
Her buſkins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an aſpiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunters' call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crown'd Siſters, and their chaſte-ey'd Queen,
Satyrs and ſylvan boys were ſeen
Peeping from forth their alleys green;
Brown *Exerciſe* rejoiced to hear,
And *Sport* leapt up, and ſeiz'd his beechen ſpear.

Laſt came JOY's ecſtatic trial:
He, with viny crown advancing,
Firſt to the lively pipe his hand addreſt,
But ſoon he ſaw the briſk, awak'ning viol,
Whoſe ſweet entrancing voice he lov'd the beſt.

They

They would have thought, who heard the ſtrain,
They ſaw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidſt the feſtal-ſounding ſhades,
To ſome unwearied minſtrel dancing,
While as his flying fingers kiſs'd the ſtrings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantaſtic round;
Looſe were her treſſes ſeen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidſt his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thouſand odours from his dewy wings.

Oh! MUSIC, ſphere-deſcended maid,
Friend of Pleaſure, Wiſdom's aid,
Why, Goddeſs, why, to us deny'd,
Lay'ſt thou thy ancient lyre aſide?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power;
Thy mimic ſoul, oh, Nymph endear'd,
Can well recal what then it heard,
Where is thy native ſimple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Ariſe, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaſte, ſublime!

Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording Sifter's page.
'Tis faid, and I believe the tale,
Thy humbleft reed could more prevail,
Had more of ftrength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Ev'n all at once together found,
Cæcilia's mingled world of found.
Oh, bid our vain endeavours ceafe,
Revive the juft defigns of Greece,
Return in all thy fimple ftate,
Confirm the tales her fons relate.

And now,

" SWEET POETRY, thou lovelieſt maid,
" Still firſt to fly where *wordly cares* invade,
" Unfit, in theſe degenerate days of ſhame,
" To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame:
" Dear charming Nymph, neglected and decry'd,
" My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride;
" Thou ſource of all my bliſs, of all my woe,
" That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keeps me ſo;
" Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
" Thou nurſe of ever virtue, fare thee well!

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